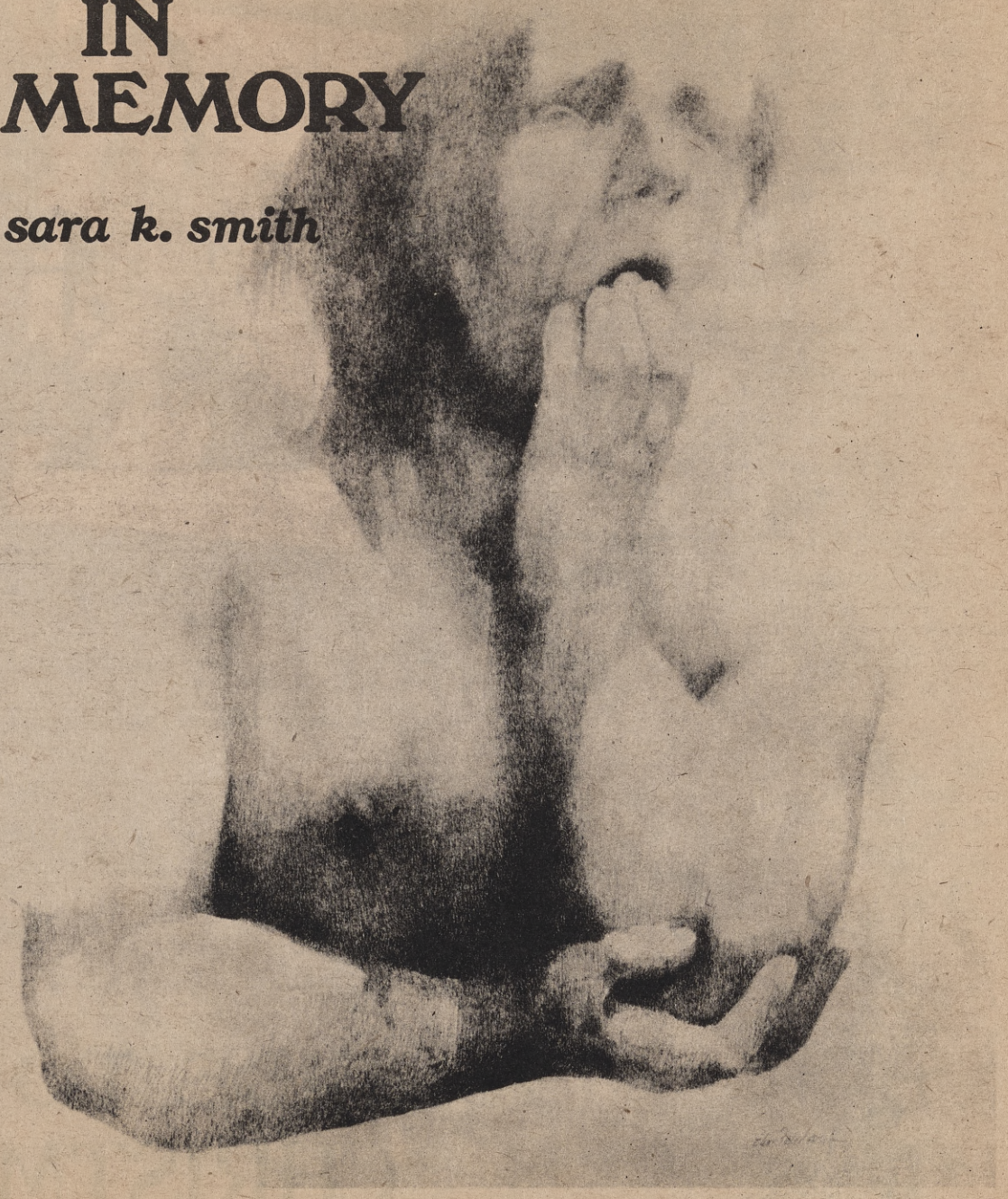
MADNESS IN MEMORY

sara k. smith



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Sara K. Smith is a painter living in Pasadena. On July 28, 1956 she was committed to Napa State Hospital and was released on February 17, 1957. At the time of her admittance, her illness was described as a thought disorder and diagnosed as schizophrenia. Depending upon the examining doctor, it was believed that she was suffering from fear or guilt. If she was not suffering from fear before entering Napa, she undoubtedly was after receiving 18 shock treatments against her will, during the last of which her spine was broken. Sara Smith was committed four more times to state hospitals in the next 14 years. Her last hospitalization, in 1970, was intended to be for only two weeks. A clerical error, however, resulted in her being retained for one year. She has been in good physical and mental health for the last six years.

The following is the first installment in a four-part series on Sara Smith's first breakdown at Napa in 1956-57. Written nearly ten years ago as a reflection upon that harrowing experience, it has been submitted for publication to provide readers with an insight into the "concentration camp" atmosphere of Napa State Hospital at the time. Ms. Smith has noted that during her 7½-month stay there, she was treated kindly by the many technicians with whom she had contact. "The techs were understaffed, however. How can anyone expect four techs to control 85 crazy women. They were a great bunch of people, and I don't want them to go down the drain with these other murderers."

"If you want to bring peace to the world, start walking in circles."

"A telepathic marvel," I thought, astounded at this unique experience. No one else was present, yet I was distinctly aware of what the *voice* said. How strange and wonderful! A new awareness came over me of a world where walking in circles would bring peace. A magic world.

"No, not in circles," I thought, "in ovals. Will that be as good?"

"Yes," came the answer.

I walked with confidence in that wholehearted uncritical way we walk through our dreams. The thought that I was performing a ritual of an unbalanced state never entered my consciousness.

My legs became very tired but I walked around and around on the yellow hardwood floor making hundreds and hundreds of ovals in an action of peace. For several days I interrupted my walking only to cook meals or to go to bed. Finally, completely exhausted, I thought, "Can I stop now?"

"Yes, that's enough," was the answer.

After serving my husband lunch, it slipped out of my mind. I started to prepare his lunch again. Laughingly, I told him that I had nearly served him two lunches. Later in the day he said, "Do you think you would kill yourself or anybody?"

"After 14 years of marriage," I thought indignantly to myself. So I answered with some malice, "How do I know."

In the doctor's little office I answered his question by silently walking in a very small oval for him. He ran out to get another doctor. They both seemed quite upset but they said nothing to me about my condition.

In the waiting room at the county hospital my husband and I waited quite a long time. He said, "Why don't they come? I can't wait all day."

Anger rushed up in me because he didn't care about me even while I was waiting to be hospitalized. I said as an angry jest, "I'll throw this chair through the window, and they'll be here soon enough." Still in jest I put my hands on the chair. But my husband, whitefaced and frantic, grabbed the chair and held it down. In rushed the attendant, who led me off.

There was nothing in the green room but the white bed. A nurse came in and took all my clothes, rings, and purse, but gave me no explanation. She left me a hospital gown to put on.

When I had to go to the bathroom, I went to the door. It was locked. I tried it again. She had locked me in. I called the nurse and waited, and called again and again, but she didn't come. I had never been so cut off from people. Not knowing what to do in my isolation, I shouted at the top of my voice, "Nurse, I have to go to the bathroom." Driven by desperation when she didn't come at all, I pounded on the door. In the end I had to give up. Shaking, I sat on the edge of the bed.

Hours later when she did come, she chained my hands and feet to the bed and walked out, locking the door. In shock and terror I began to form the idea that I must have been seized by maniacs and might be in danger of my life.

I looked at my hands in desperate excitement. Around the wrists were heavy leather straps attached to six inches of chain wrapped in leather and fastened to the edge of the bed. My ankles were chained so that I couldn't cross my legs to rest my muscles.

Having no choice, I wet the bed. Serene for the moment in the knowledge I had never done anything in my life to deserve the punishments that I was undergoing, I lay in the warm dampness. "Serves her right to have to change wet sheets since she kept me chained and wouldn't bring a bedpan."

To say tnat I was terrified is not enough. I also was humiliated and angry by the chains and the locked door. My confused mind raced along imagining things to fit the happenings. Probably they were eagerly waiting to hear me rattle the chains and shout or scream in my misery. They must be sadists. So I lay there silently suffering from my own overstimulated imagination as well as the discomfort of not being able to move my hands or feet or to get in a comfortable position for 48 hours.

When the nurse came in with the meals, I was afraid to ask any questions that were in my mind. I know food was brought to me but to this day I don't remember anything about it.

After I had been in chains for about two days and nights, the nurse took them off. Passively I wondered, "Why had she put them on? Why did she take them off?" Although I thought a great deal about it, I had no idea. Nor did I have any assurance about what they might do next. How could I possibly avoid upsetting such irrational people whose captive I was. For my safety, I decided on a course of action: to continue to be polite (in fact to be extremely polite no matter what happened), to agree with the attendants, and above all to keep my rebellious thoughts to myself and ask no questions. Confused as I was, I tried to follow this program.

The nurse gave me my clothes and opened the door for the first time in about a week. She took me across the hall to a much larger room which had about ten women in it. This was a relief after being locked in solitary confinement for so long.

"Get ready to see the judge today," said the nurse. I followed her to a large bedroom with bars on the high windows and a bare table. After two hours, a man in a brown suit came in and sat by the table. I looked at him. He was an average appearing man such as one might see commuting to work on the bus every day. He said nothing and I said nothing. Time passed.

"This certainly isn't a courtroom," I thought. "Is the man in the brown suit a judge?" I thought not, "No robes, no courtroom manner, and no legal papers. No he isn't a judge — just one of their gang."

After a long time, I said, "You may go now." And silently the judge left.

Standing in the parking area, handcuffed like a criminal, I looked sharply for a clue. Was I being kidnapped or was I really being transported to the State Hospital as they told me. On the car license I found no state insignia. So it was a preparation to kidnap me. But I decided to see for sure what they would say about it, to give them a chance to explain themselves. I said, "This isn't a state car. There's no 'E' on the license."

As if he were talking to a child, the man said, "Would you rather go in a state car? I can take a state car if you'd rather."

His attitude didn't seem to be that of a kidnapper, but my distrust continued. Here I was in handcuffs. Why? Why was he giving me a choice? Politely I said, "That's all right, I don't mind."

A woman got in the back with me and sat down to my left. I wondered if she was a policewoman. Off we went. I carefully observed the route. It was in the general direction of the Napa State Hospital. I relaxed slightly. But handcuffs made it hard to sit at ease in a moving car. I couldn't prop myself with my arms. I studied the stony faced woman next to me. She was handcuffed. She sat stolidly beside me not speaking, not smiling, just looking straight ahead. She was a thin middle-aged woman with ink blot hair. Although she was stern looking, it was in a self-enclosed way, apart from the world around her. On the other hand she didn't look like a criminal accomplice. On we rode, the silence broken only by the hum of the motor. Were we both being kidnapped?

We came to a sign saying Napa State Hospital and pointing for a right turn. Past it we sped. This decided me. Alert and tense, I tried to plan my escape. We were not going to the hospital. We passed another sign pointing to the hospital turnoff. My heart raced with excitement. How could I escape with handcuffs on? It was surprising how very little I could do without the use of separate arms. For an instant, I wondered what the kidnappers would do to me. Perhaps more torture or murder. Could I open the door and jump out? I was afraid to. The car was traveling too fast. I decided to risk a wreck and attack the driver. Then escape. It would have been simple to kick him on the head if I could prop myself with my arms. Throw myself down toward the floor, raise the level of my feet to get them closer to his head. Not a moment to lose. Throwing myself down and my legs forward, kicking up as I did, I managed to land a slight blow on the side of his head.

Immediately he pulled over to the side of the road, turned around and said mildly, "Now don't do that again."

At last I had a bit of certain knowledge. This was no kidnapper but a very considerate person. I knew then that I was not being kidnapped. I was really being taken to the State Hospital. They really thought me insane. The other woman still sat sternly beside me. For her nothing had happened. It was years before I realized she was also a patient of a different sort.

The blackness of night was in my heart. My mind was a battleground of nightmares. The real night world around was no better. I lay in the dormitory of an insane asylum. Fearfully I waited for the wild-haired women to come in. What would they do? Would they attack me? What chance would I have with my 5-feet, 4-inch build, my 105 pounds?

The greatest irrational fear of my life had suddenly materialized. I was surrounded by nearly 100 crazy women. How terrified I had been in my childhood by the thought of one crazy face looking in the window!

The light shone brightly in my face as I lay there. There was a bed on either side of mine. While I slept they might sneak over to strangle me. Who would stop them? No one. My screams would be cut off and that would be it.

"Go to sleep. Go to sleep now," said the *voice*. "You are safe. At last I have you where you're perfectly safe."

"Shut up. Shut up. I can't stand listening to you and I think you are a liar," I thought back.

"I can't shut up. Why do you listen? Why don't you just turn it off like everyone else does?" insisted the *voice*.

I knew now that I was no longer in control of my own mind. The humiliation of this went deep. The voice talked on mercilessly. There was no way to stop it except sleep. I waited the arrival of the woman who might murder me. I was in a paralysis of fear. At least I would stay awake and make an effort to save my life if attacked. A woman came in and took off her clothes as I lay in pretended sleep nearby. She switched off the light and went to bed. Others came in, talked and went to bed. No one noticed me.

What a grueling medieval dream of dungeons and fatal tournaments violated my sleep. I groaned under the agony of medieval tortures. It was such a remarkable dream, so different from all the dreams that I have had in my life,

(continued on page 9)

PORTRAIT OF THE WRITER AS A YOUNG ATHLETE

DENNIS PETTICOFFER

PART 3

Where Have You Gone, Rip Repulski?

DiMaggio. Mantle. Ruth. Williams. Cobb. They were more than just names: they were legends. If there is a classic tradition, if there is a mythology in American life, it flourishes in the accomplishments of DiMaggio, Mantle, Ruth, and a host of other great baseball stars. Every boy has his personal favorites.

The legendary stars were not heroes to me. I liked the little guys — the ballplayers who struggled just to stay in the major leagues — the men who were just names on a scorecard for one or two seasons, then were forgotten.

My heroes were the ballplayers who came to bat in a dearth of silence, who popped up, fouled out, or took 3 quick whiffs at fastballs that sailed high and tight. It wasn't their humble accomplishments that attracted me, it was their names — great baseball names. Virgil Trucks. Gene Leek. Tom Butters. Fritz Brickell.

In the back of my brain, filed away like neat rows of dog-eared bubblegum cards packed tight in a shoebox, the ghosts of baseball's past still visit me in moments of reverie. Choo Choo Coleman. Riverboat Smith. Joe "Piggy" Pignatano. Mel Roach. Jim Greengrass.

Then there were my favorites: who wouldn't be a great ballplayer with a name like Rip Repulski? And how about Solly Hemus? That's the kind of name you'd expect to see on a bag of fertilizer, or on a special brand of whiskey. Anyone with an appellation such as Moe Thacker, Moe Drabowsky, Clem Labine, Seth Morehead, Duke Carmel, or Sal Maglie surely *couldn't* have an IQ above 50! And how about the first basemen? They were all obese gorillas, with unsightly chaws of tobacco deep in their jowls and sleeves rolled up to their armpits — guys who sported rugged names, like Rocky Nelson, Steve Bilko, and Ted Kluszewski.

Ah, the power of a name! Even the most sophisticated of men can be reduced to a drippy-nosed Little Leaguer at the mere mention of Clint Courtney, Jerry Lumpe, or Solly Drake. Even in college, while studying such esoteric subjects as the prosody of T.S. Eliot or the lyrical patterns of 17th-century French poetry, my mind would drift back to the world of sport. For every poetic concept I learned, I recognized a parallel in sports. The 14-line sonnet had its equivalent in the 9-man baseball lineup. (The first and fourth positions in the lineup — the lead-off and "clean up" hitters — were as crucial to the batting order as the final couplet of a sonnet.) The 5-7-5 syllable pattern of haiku was matched by the 4-3-4 defense in football.

And like poetry, the names of baseball players had a rhythm and sound that could be as enticing as the recited verse of Gerard Manley Hopkins. The trochaic charm of Larry Sherry or Whitey Herzog was only outdone by the dactyllic delightfulness of Danny McDevitt, Bobby Del Greco, and Billy O'Dell. And there were plenty of spondees — players with one-syllable names, like Gus Bell and Don Hoak. The Cub lineup of the late 50's even included a rhyming batting order, consisting of Irv Noren and Walt Moryn. And then there was the supreme assonance of Pee Wee Reese. But, of course, the most prominent poetic feature of baseball was the alliterating name: Mickey Mantle, Roger Repoz, Minnie Minoso, Jackie Jensen, Joey Jay, Bo Belinsky, Chuck Churn, and a whole raft of D's from Dick Drott to the "Don's" — Demeter, Dillard, and Drysdale. The list is endless.

Too often, in the midst of college lectures, my mind would wander from Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey" in the Valley of Wye, to the Cubs' Wrigley Field in the conurbation of Chicago. While studying the classic elements of Elizabethan verse, I began to wonder if Billy Shakespeare

could have pitched for the Yanks. He was a great writer, but who's to tell what he might have done with a ball and mitt? And of course I knew John Milton, in his blindness, would have made an ideal umpire!

It was always with a sense of sadness that I pored over *Paradise Lost*, for I could only think of my own paradise lost — my unsatisfied desire to be a ballplayer. But I soon comforted myself in the notion that I was merely one of millions with the same unresolved dream. "And besides," I told myself, "greatness? Who needs it?" Once you've reached the pinnacle of success, where do you go from there? It's the struggle, the conflict, that makes life worth living.

Still, I couldn't help thinking that I would have made a great mediocre player, in the tradition of Ed Fazio or Bobby Lillis. The game could use a name like mine — Petticoffer: the perfect name for a third-string shortstop, with a fear of line drives, no hitting power, and a penchant for losing pop flies in the sun. . . . But *always* ready to play — always prepared to step up to the plate with the bases loaded in the bottom of the ninth with my team down by one — always ready to take a wild swing at a third strike!

Maybe Ruth was a great slugger; maybe Mays made the greatest catch in the annals of baseball; but the Toby Atwells and Jim Pagliaronis, the Ed Palmquists and Arnie Portocarreros — *they* were the men that made the game great! Sure, you could always count on Ted Williams to deliver a base hit, but when the Bob Ueckers and Joe Garagiolas came to bat, you never knew *what* to expect! Even guys like Wayne Terwilliger, who couldn't hit a medicine ball with a 3-by-4, occasionally delivered a clutch hit. It was the unsung heroes, the guys like you and me, who came to bat, struck out plenty, but at all times gave 100% — they were the ones that made the game of baseball the great institution it has become. Long live Walt Dropo and Johnny Herrnstein; Dutch Dotterer and Eddie Miksis!

MADNESS IN MEMORY (CONT. FROM PG. 2)

that I believed it was sent to me from another type of mind than my own. It was heavy and Germanic in style.

I thought of my life as ended. My hopes of ever reaching fruition as an artist were over. Here, away from my child, surrounded by maniacs, my life would drag on to its final end years. How could I deny there really was a *voice* if they should ask me? It wasn't imaginary. I wasn't *hearing voices.* This was real. There was no escaping it. They would never let me go if they knew that I thought the *voice* was real.

I saw little of the unkempt hair, ill-fitting state dresses, and unhappy faces surrounding me. Distractedly, I wandered through the hall feeling out of place. One of the green doors was ajar. I saw a gaunt old woman lying there naked. Her great yellow knee bones bulged above pallid legs shrunken to the narrow bones. Her black mouth hung loose in her emaciated face. Was she dead or had she been tortured into unconsciousness? In a flash of recognition I knew this place as a concentration camp. At last I knew what had happened to me. But I never knew we had them. The American public doesn't know this. In the next room a woman whimpered and talked to herself.

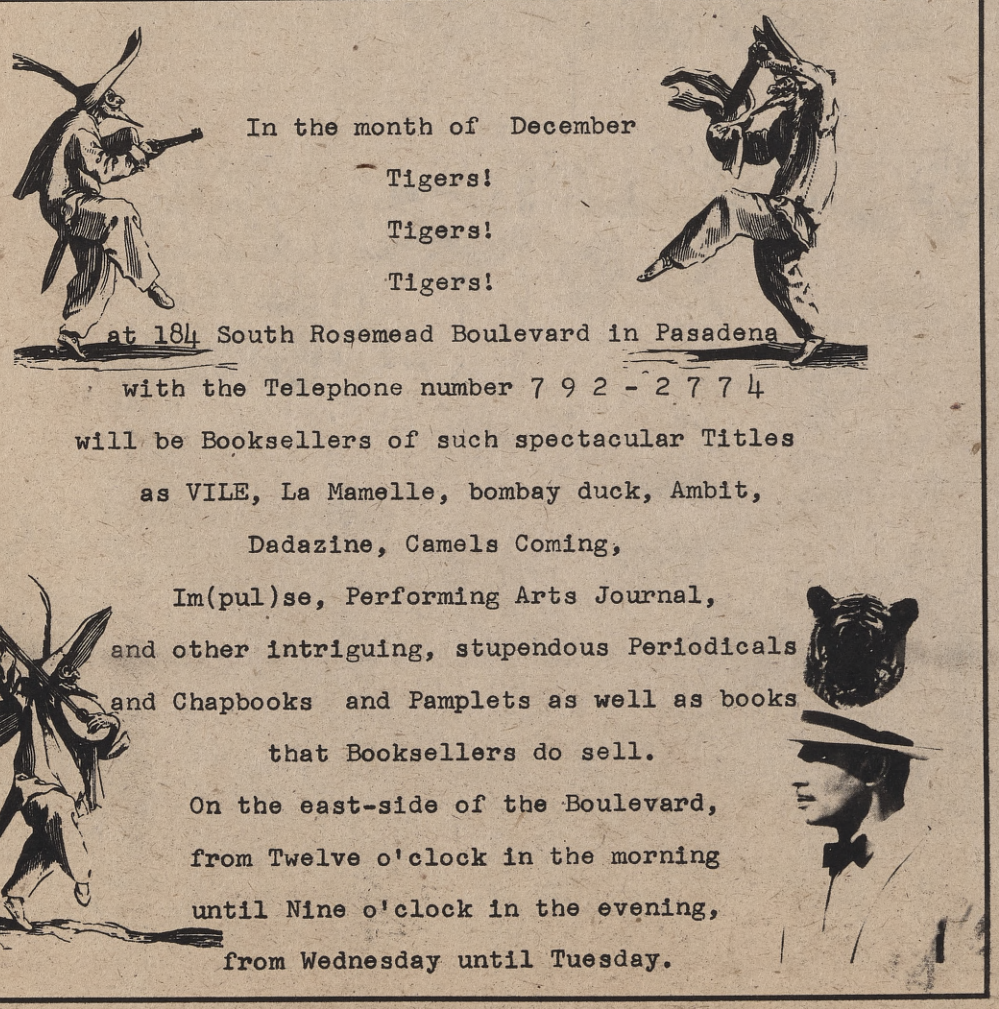
I felt my resolve hardening. Somehow I must live through this. Someday I must get out to tell this story. In the right time at the right place I must tell it and warn others.

Back in the living room the radio was talking on and on. I walked over to it and turned it off. A moment of quiet for myself, but not for long. I sat down in a red plastic leather chair as another patient went over to turn it on again. The chairs were all made for the comfort of six-foot men and I couldn't find a place of comfort on the whole ward except the beds at night.

I asked the nurse if it was all right to go into the yard. I was looking for an escape. Out in the sunlight I saw the ten-foot white stucco wall around the enclosure. Not being athletic wasn't a handicap; nobody could scale it. . . . *Oh, darling why do you want to leave when we're just getting acquainted.* Don't call me that. . . . I felt my mind soothed and lulled by the endearing term. I rolled my eyes around trying to escape into sight. The volleyball bounced in my direction. Furious with myself for reacting to the *voice* sensually, I found I couldn't avoid it. . . . *I'm the doctor on the ward thinking to you. Shan't I call you my little sweetheart when we've been so much to each other. We are very close you know. You're a doll. From now on I'll always call you a doll. Just a beautiful little doll. I'll do anything for you. You're the love of my life.* Leave me in peace. . . . I was trying to get rid of the *voice* by keeping quiet. It went on, never stopping for answers.

With triumph I managed to think of escape again in spite of the *voice.* There was a bench in the yard. If I stood it on its end I would be high enough to get on top of the fence. Then I could drop down on the outside and be free of locks and walls. What then after I escaped? The law would be after me, hunting me down. MENTAL PATIENT ESCAPES FROM STATE HOSPITAL. Fear everywhere because I was loose. Legally I wouldn't be able to keep my child. Clear thinking along with a *voice* in the mind is not possible. But just finding a way to escape abated my most extreme fears of what they might do to me next.

TO BE CONTINUED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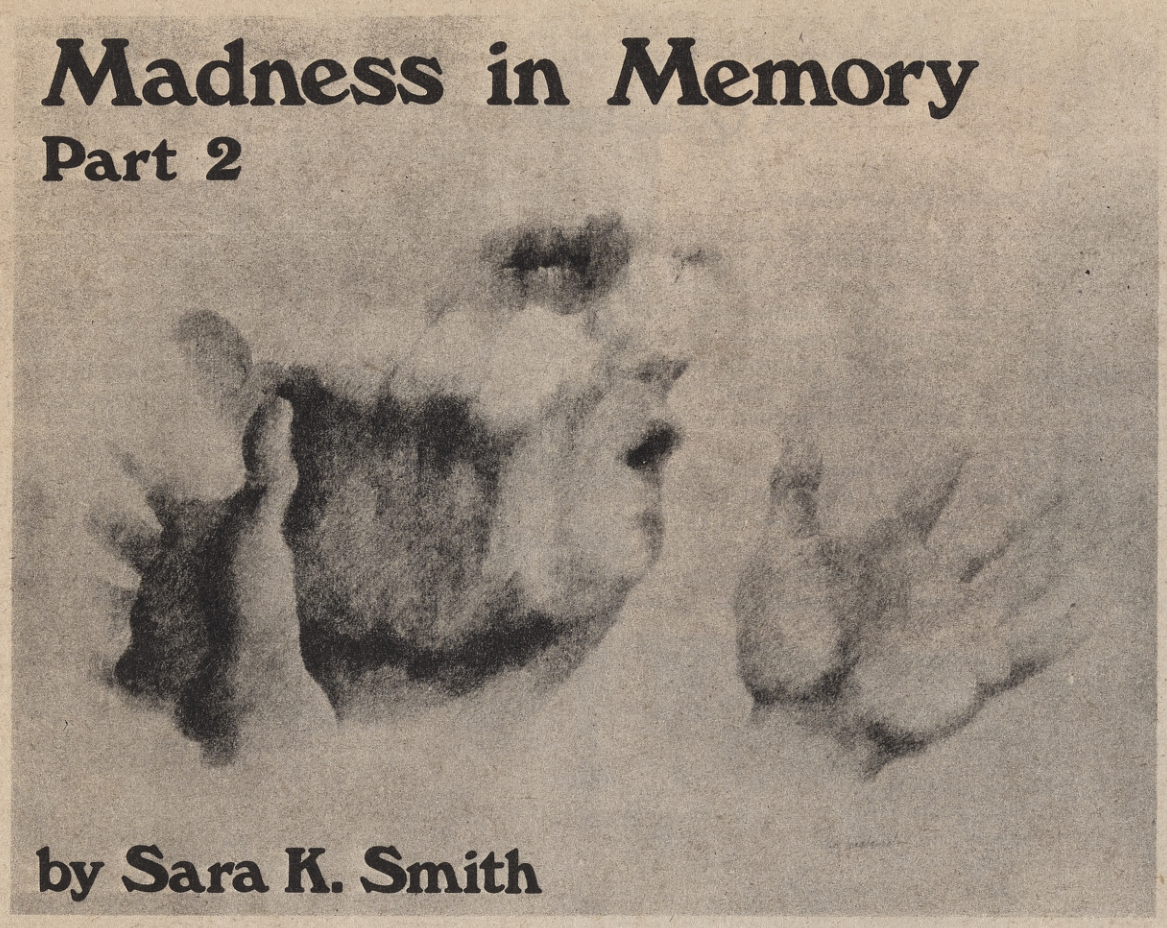
Madness in Memory
Part 2



by Sara K. Smith

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Wetting my comb and pulling it through my wavy hair, I looked in the long mirror with so many womens' faces in it. I took my cigarette down from the ledge under the mirror for a long drag. The mirror's edge was marked with lipstick and cigarette burns. I saw my face. It looked old for 45. My beauty was gone. My eyes felt strange. I tried to see if my pupils were contracted or dilated but I couldn't tell. My eyes wouldn't focus.

I heard my name called. The technician was calling a list of names. I put my comb away and walked down the hall to this plump little woman in white uniform. She looked at us out of round eyes in a happy face and said, "You are going to get photographed and see the doctor today. Line up in twos." In twos we marched off.

I marched as if to a war against my way of life. What is more personal than walking as an individual. Deprived of my solitary ways, I lived in a regimented mass of creatures. Decisions were taken away from me. Where I walked, when I walked, even how fast I walked, was not for me to decide anymore. At the photographer's office we didn't talk; we sat and waited and smoked. At the doctor's office we waited again and smoked some more.

The "voice" steadily assured me that I wouldn't have any shock treatments.

"We're in the parking lot. We're going to get you out of here," droned the *voice.*

Listening to the lady doctor and the *voice* at the same time was difficult. She asked me many questions and wrote down my answers. Finally came the question that I most feared.

"Do you hear voices?"

Faintly but stubbornly I corrected her, "There is a *voice.*" All my courage and honesty was in my answer.

She flickered her eyes shut for awhile. I thought she was in a trance. This terrified me. I tied it in with a frightening experience I had had a year before, when I was hypnotized against my will while listening to an East Indian lecturer. I jumped to the conclusion that he now had her under his power. (I had heard my first *voice* during a pause in his lecture and thought it was from his mind. The fluttering eyelids of the woman next to me, who was in a trance before I was, had warned me that he was hypnotizing the audience.)

Back on the ward I tried to come to an understanding of my situation. Instead of answers I found uncertainty. Was I really psychotic or had my husband railroaded me in? He certainly had committed me when I refused to commit myself. Was I psychotic? Strange things were happening to me. I wasn't sure. What had I done to deserve commitment? There was my remark about throwing the chair through the window, but I hadn't meant to do it. I had laughed myself right into the State Hospital. Nobody else had realized that I was joking. Did the East Indian lecturer have anything to do with this *voice.* Was he in fact the source of the *voice*? Or was it from more than one person? I had found out by observing the content of the *voice* that the source of the *voice* knew a lot about me. It knew what I was looking at, listening to, and a lot about my past. Perhaps they were together, my husband and this East Indian. Although I was not sure that they were the cause, I hated them both for the agony I had endured. I just felt they would do that. At this moment, I confessed to myself I wanted to kill them for putting me in this hell. So the feeling of virtue that I had been conscious of for a lifetime was suddenly gone. I was conscious of the lack of it. I thought of a mystic experience I'd had several years before. This helped me to feel better.

"Sara Smith," came the call from the office door. "Your husband's here to see you."

Never good at communication he stood there looking awkwardly at me, his hands at his side, no smile on his face.

"I hate you," I said violently.

He had brought me my paints.

Freed from the agony of evil, of disturbed patients, of radio, and of the routine life of the ward, I began to paint. My former concepts about painting were gone. I really didn't care what anyone thought anymore. What difference did it make what my former style was like. I was free from all that stuff too. I had finally found the place where I could do what I wanted to at the moment, and I did. New forms emerged from my brush, new smoky color spread over the paper. My life would not be wasted here. I was allowed to paint. I liked my work.

The ward doctor was a very handsome brunette with the profile of a classic hero. He sat in his office observing the patients even more often than the ladies observed him. It was a handicap to be so handsome. "He loves you," said the *voice* romantically. "He just doesn't want the other ladies to know. It would make them jealous." I knew that was not true. I still tried desperately to keep the true and the false separate. But I responded sensually.

The doctor walked into the bedroom where I was painting. "See," said the *voice*, "I told you. He loves you."

The doctor said, "They have decided to give you shock treatments."

"How can this be avoided?" I asked.

"It can't," he said.

Soon after that a group of us were transferred upstairs to ward A8. What a horrible and sickening smell on this new ward! Yet the ward was spotlessly clean. The vinyl tile floors shone. All patients were forced to take one bath a week. I decided that it must have been the shock patients that gave off that foul odor.

Every day new patients were coming on the ward. They walked around helplessly confused in the unfamiliar surroundings. "Lost souls in limbo," I thought. One in particular caught my attention. She was Chinese. Around her neck was a red scar where she had tried to decapitate herself. The loss of a boy baby had been more than she could bear. We called her Mary. She settled in a corner with her knitting, unable to speak to anyone. She spoke no English. I went over to her chair. She turned a deceptively calm face toward me. "Hello, Mary," I said and then slowly, "How are you?" I tried to get her to repeat it after me but she giggled and shyly refused to repeat it. All day she sat there locked in with the rest of us, unable to speak. How could she ever get well?

One day as we all sat around the visitors room, in came a group of new patients. As if in answer to prayer, one of them was Chinese. We all held our breaths. Would she speak Chinese? Would it be the Cantonese that Mary spoke? Or would they both be unable to communicate with anyone? Mary spoke. The stranger answered in beautiful sing-song Cantonese. We sat back in our chairs, cheered for a brief moment. They chattered away and giggled Chinese style. "Inscrutable Orientals," said the *voice.*

The *voice* steadily assured me that I wouldn't have any shock treatments. It repeated its assurances so often that, like a victim of an advertising campaign, I began to be influenced against my better judgment. Everyday when the shock list was called out, my name wasn't on it.

Horrified and indignant, I watched the shocked patients stagger back from the electric treatments in a stupor, with their red-rimmed eyes no longer able to recognize their friends on the ward, their memories gone. Then I heard my name read off the list. They were going to put my mind to death along with 25 others.

"This is the end. How can I possibly endure it? Will I have the courage to face it with dignity?" I wondered.

In twos we lined up to walk to the treatment room. Two techs, as we called the technicians, came with us. Down a block-long pale green hall we marched. Sitting in our hospital robes, waiting our turn, we smoked. We weren't allowed to carry matches so we had to ask the tech for a light or get one from a lighted cigarette. We were warned to remove bobby pins and all other metal from our head to avoid being badly burned by the electric current. I thought about putting up a fight. Maybe that would get me out of it. Claire was called and she started to go. Then she let out a scream and shouted, "I'm not going to take them. You can't make me!"

Expertly four techs each grabbed a flailing arm or a kicking leg and carried her off still screaming to the shock room, where her screams were suddenly cut off.

I was next to the last one called. I felt that if these patients were able to walk to the room I would make it there. I stood up quietly and walked into the shock room. I climbed up on the table and lay down. In an instant the intern had put metal clamps on either side of my head, and I was in a state of unconsciousness.

Stunned by the first treatment, I managed to walk into the bedroom to continue my painting. Every afternoon I painted. I was finishing a large abstract watercolor with a black background. I was so confused by the treatment that I felt like collapsing on the bed. But I still had enough memory left to be determined that this treatment, no matter how frightful, would not stand in the way of my painting. The will to paint was all I had left of my way of life. It was an escape from the life of the ward. While painting, I could turn my back on the censorship of letters; the terrible clink of the techs' keys in the door, locking us in from the rest of the world as animals are locked in a zoo; the whole humiliating process of cattle-like regimentation that we all suffered; the thieves who took advantage of our confusion to steal our clothes; and the ever present mass contact with very ill patients.

...if someone had stopped the first 85 ladies they met on the street, that was our ward.

Before I was in a hospital, I had always supposed that mental patients were imaginative and behaved something like a character out of Lewis Carroll. But if someone had stopped the first 85 ladies they met on the street, that was our ward. Of fantasy they had none.

However, I had found some patients that I liked. There was a woman reporter on the ward that was being given no treatment. She was still her original self. She loved to play scrabble. She thought it was good for me to play, and I played with her and her friends quite often in the evenings.

A Nazi German doctor was a patient on the ward. She was outstandingly cruel in her remarks to other patients. This was very easy for her because she was very intelligent. I thought she was very beautiful in a Rubensesque way, but I could not bear her cruelty. She wanted to be friendly with me. It seemed to me that basically the patients were equal in hardships. We were all locked together and all accused of insanity. And we should take some thought for each other, not behave in a class conscious and cruel fashion as she did.

I preferred the "Queen of Kearney Street," a little streetwalker who kept in practice by airing her thin charms in the hall. Arching her feet and walking along there in her stilted, pitiful little walk, she was avoided by most of the other patients. But, to my surprise, when I sat by her I noticed she avoided me.

At first the disintegration of my mind was not noticeable. But as the treatments continued, it became more marked. When I would worry about my loss of memory the other patients would remind me that I had lost my memory because of the shock treatments, that it would come back. It was very much like having a senile mind.

There were other severe effects of the shock treatments. My menstruation had stopped during these treatments. Convulsions that I suffered during the last treatment broke my back. This was discovered by X ray after I had left the hospital.

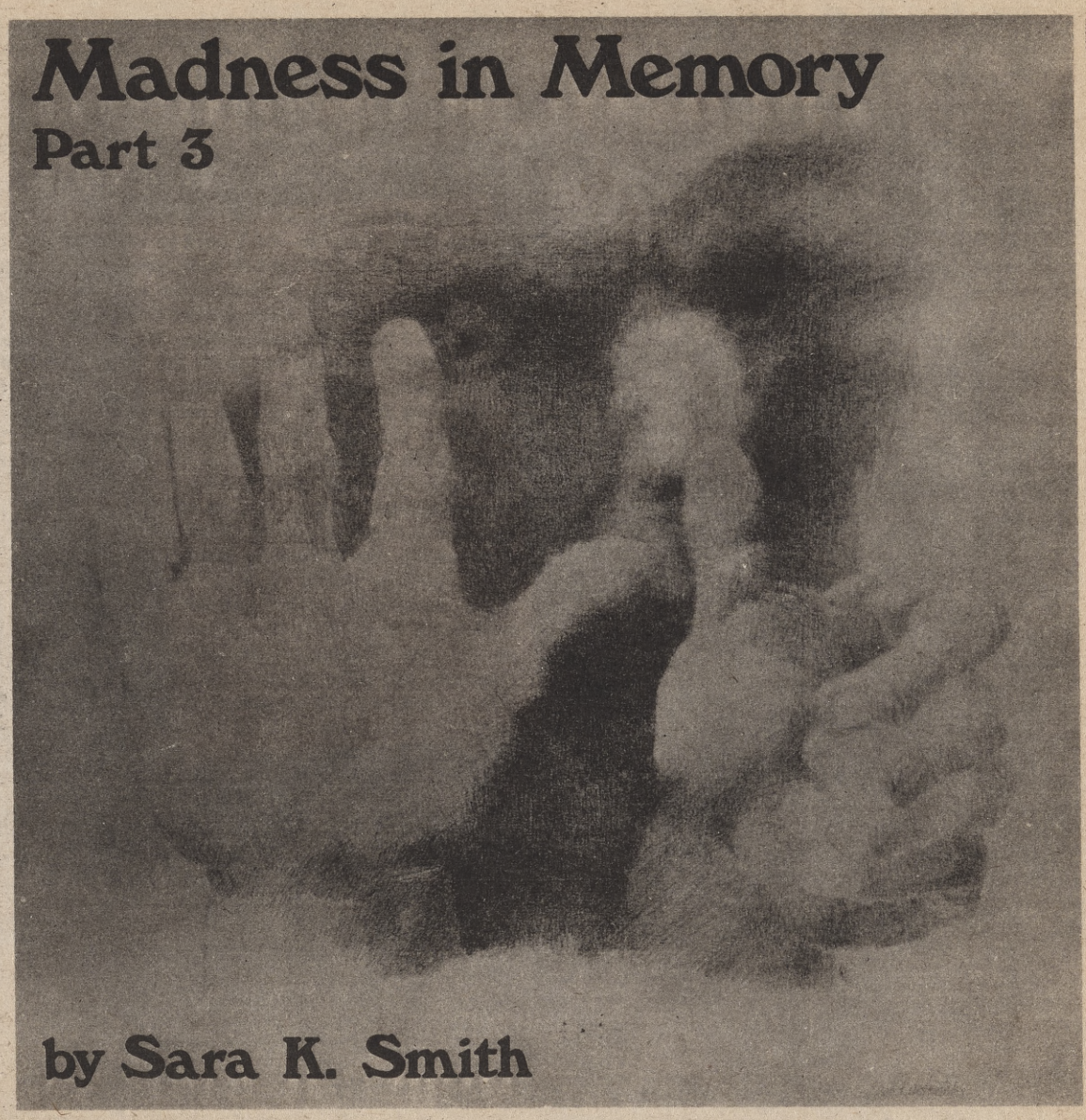
This eighteenth and last treatment was unusually severe. I came to walking down the block-long hall with a patient on either side of me, propping me up. Although I was not sane as a result of the shock treatments, the avenues of my personality had been destroyed. I was floating around in vagueness.

Scarcely conscious as we unlocked and entered the door of our ward, I thought of my painting. By habit, I managed to try to open the door of the bedroom to paint. But it was locked. Stubbornly I staggered over to a tech and asked her to unlock it. I reminded her that the doctor had given me permission to paint there. She grumbled and stopped what she was doing to open the door for me. I went in and looked at the painting. My eyes wouldn't focus on it, my head was spinning, and I couldn't think at all. I fell across the bed like a wounded beast. I couldn't paint. The doctor with her shock treatments had won, but she didn't know it. With my back broken and lacking a memory, I still willed to be myself.

"She will never know she won," I thought with slight satisfaction.

TO BE CONTINUED

Madness in Memory
Part 3



by Sara K. Smith

Copyright 1976, Sara K. Smith

Sara K. Smith is a painter living in Pasadena. On July 28, 1956 she was committed to Napa State Hospital and was released on February 17, 1957. At the time of her admittance, her illness was described as a thought disorder and diagnosed as schizophrenia. Sara Smith was committed four more times to state hospitals in the next 14 years. She has been in good physical and mental health for the last six years.

The following is the third installment in a four-part series on Sara Smith's first breakdown at Napa in 1956-57. Written nearly ten years ago as a reflection upon that harrowing experience, it has been submitted for publication to provide readers with an insight into the "concentration camp" atmosphere of Napa State Hospital at the time.

A white-haired hunchback was gravely dancing with a tall moron. A simple smile was on her ruddy face. Her buttocks flapped as she jigged around. She was having one grand time and so was he. No critical thoughts ever crossed her mind about him. Few men ever have the opportunity to hold a woman in their arms who has never had any inhibitions. No one paid any special attention to this extraordinary couple.

This dance was the one blissful event of the week for everyone. The ladies in shapeless state dresses, petticoats showing, buttons missing, belts hanging by their sides, danced closely in the embraces of men also wearing state clothes that were ill-fitting. Raucous old ladies tottered around the floor with vivid rouge and lipstick smeared on their faces. I thought of Toulouse-Lautrec's whorehouse paintings.

One tall negro fell down in an epileptic seizure. His white partner stooped over him. The crowd cleared in a circle around him.

"Get a tech," said someone. Some of the techs who lined the walls had seen it and were on their way over. One called the ambulance. The patient was carried off on a stretcher.

My partner held me very close.

"You're trembling," he said.

I felt some security in this man's embrace. His series of shock treatments was over too. He took me over to the end of the hall where we could smoke to offer me a cigarette. Quietly he produced matches to light it. Rules or no rules this man carried his own matches. I looked carefully at the cover, which had a single American beauty rose on it. The *voice* was weaving a romance about the cover's symbolism. In this packed area where the techs couldn't see, he caught me in a tight embrace and kissed me. Nearby were other couples smoking and smooching in the half dark.

"Here were the outcasts from creation."

A short, stocky patient with a broken nose came up. My partner introduced me to him. Joe was a flyweight boxing champion. His footwork was light and rhythmical on the dance floor. He told me his ex-wife was there too. Later I saw them together giving each other a deep kiss for the duration of a dance.

Here were the outcasts from creation. Yet most found their mates in misery. Here were extreme individuals who were past the understanding of the rest of the world in that limbo beyond reason. But the male and female were joined here by the dance. For this brief evening they were not alone anymore.

A half-wit circled the room greeting everyone with a Buddy Poppy in his lapel and the words on his lips, "I'm Elmer." A great grin spread between his large protruding ears.

"Hello Elmer," we replied.

Some dancers nearby were very colorful with cast-off clothing that was chosen for its bright color, never mind the fit. Oddly I was enjoying myself in this bohemian gathering when Hilda, the German patient, came over to me and said, "They should all be exterminated."

I could scarcely believe that even a Nazi could stand on the dance floor, herself a patient, and say they should be exterminated. I was too shocked to answer. I wanted in no way to be with her, not even on the same side of the room. I crossed the room.

She stood alone near the orchestra for the rest of the evening. Beautiful as she was no one would dance with her. I thought, "This is a mystical unity of the patients against her Nazi viewpoint."

As for myself, I found that the great suffering that I had undergone had broken down the barriers between myself and others here. I had learned to care for Elmer, the half-wit, and to miss him when he missed a dance. Even Elmer was not expendible.

The day started at 6:00 A.M. when the techs opened the door and shouted their morning greeting. Active, extroverted, they soon returned. There was no refusing their call. It was no use to point out sulkily that there was nothing to do and no place to go, so why not sleep. Off they ripped the covers. Like an army sargeant the techs got everyone up. Putting on my dark blue corduroy state bathrobe, over my sack-shaped nighty, I went into the washroom.

"Hi, Millie," I said, not with cheer but just routinely, spurting water between my teeth immediately afterwards.

"Good morning, Sari," she replied, soaping her ears. "Did you sleep well?"

"Oh, yes, I always sleep. Did you?" I tried to comb my hair with three faces bobbing in front of me in the mirror, while she answered that she never slept at all. Then she became self-absorbed again. How white my hair had become since I'd been in. Vaguely, I wandered out unaware that breakfast came next. But on walking down the hall I saw a line for the dining room and joined it.

Fifteen minutes later I was in the dining room, where I picked up a tray and a knife and fork. Every morning we had hard-boiled eggs, cereal, toast, and milk or coffee. My taste in food was simple. I liked hardboiled eggs. I put my tray down at the table where Millie was drinking her morning coffee.

"When did she go to conference?" Millie was saying with a great deal of nervous animation.

"She passed conference yesterday. And she's going home today as soon as her husband picks her up," said the friend.

I listened with relief. Some day you do go home. But there was still the *voice*. The *voice* was mockingly with me. The three months that I could stay on that ward were nearly up. Then if I didn't go home the rumor had it that I would be moved to a strange ward, where I had no friends, to remain for a year or less. Although normally a talkative person, I was inarticulate with frustration and boredom. I tried to think of something to say to Millie. I really thought her a most interesting person. But I had been on the ward with her for months. Nothing happened in my world that didn't happen in hers. I felt cut off from the normal sources of conversation as well as confused from the shock treatments. "How is the coffee," I offered.

"The usual," said Millie, making a face.

After breakfast I walked down the hall past all the symmetrically placed bedroom doors, now locked. Here was a choice. I could sit in the visitors room or in the day room, where the TV set was. Avoiding the TV program, I sat in the visitors room as always and looked for the morning newspaper. Sure enough the tech had brought the newspaper. Millie trotted off with half of it to get herself some instant coffee with hot tap water. A minor headline caught my eye: "Senators Stand Pat on Water." What a contrast to Jesus I thought.

Prompted by the *voice*, I looked at the clock. It was eight to 8:00. Whenever the *voice* prompted me to look at the clock, it was ten to ten or two to two or some such combination. I had become accustomed to the fact that the *voice* knew the time without seeing the clock.

I got up and walked past the day hall. As a green door passed my vision, I heard the TV sing out, "What's behind the green door?" This question pierced me with its simultaneity to my act, as if fate had asked it. "Patients," I thought, "who really knows them and what goes on inside them."

The ward doctor passed. I said hello to her. But she looked at me without a change of expression and, as always, didn't speak. This left me feeling invisible as usual. Why didn't she speak?

"Mail call," shouted a nearby tech. A crowd gathered for their portion of news from the outside. "Sara Smith." I reached out my hand for a thin envelope with a childish scrawl running down the page. "Dear Mama: My pollywogs got eaten by a turtle. I miss you. I hope you come home soon. Your son, Tony." There was a border of kisses in the form of X's and hugs in the form of O's.

I wondered if I could get out any faster by acting sane. I spent a great deal of time wondering what was the sane way to take life inside an asylum. Should one be cheerful? That seemed foolishly out of place. But the important question was how did Dr. Merk think it should be played? I looked at her sitting in her office. She was a thin little woman with glasses. The adjective for her was meager. But she was sane. Why were some of the patients on their way home? What was the sanity factor they had to offer? It did seem to me that they left sooner if they were more extroverted. I felt bleak about that. Would they ever think me sane? All my life my individual preferences and behavior had incited the exclamations, "You're crazy!" or "You nut!" Now, how could I drop all my individuality to be like the others. I watched the techs closely to see their sanity in action so that I could imitate it. But I came to the private conclusion they weren't so sane. Yet they were free to go.

How much time had passed? It was 8:08. Had time stopped? I took no pleasure in the toys offered by a mercantile civilization. They were all for selling. Selling or buying meant nothing to me in my present plight. The TV flickering over in the corner held no dramatic or artistic interest. The magazines on the davenport with their pat love stories and advertisements didn't invite me. There was nothing beautiful there. I opened my wallet to the pictures of Tony. He was swinging and grinning up at the camera. He was spending the summer with a friend who had two sons. "He's all right," I thought. "How little I am missed."

I decided to go for a walk in the corridor. Millie had already left for a walk on the grounds, as she had gotten a "P" card. I was in line for one as soon as they thought me able. I walked along between bare walls of ugly proportions. At the end I looked past bars out the window. There were still green leaves on the big trees, well cut lawns underneath. But there were bars. I turned away. The horror of being locked in slipped from my vague consciousness. I just felt vacant and maimed. I walked to the toilet. Carefully I inspected the seats and picked one that wasn't soiled.

I had the job of sweeping out the corridor. That finished, I went into the ironing room. Several women were drinking coffee. One was ironing her state dress. I walked out again. As I walked down the hall I suddenly became aware of a deep feeling of rejection. I realized for the first time consciously that my mother never really loved me for myself, and I felt that rejection now. I had never been the kind of person that my little Southern mother could understand and love. Perhaps she had loved me in her way. But I was a rebel; this she could never understand. Was this why I was here?

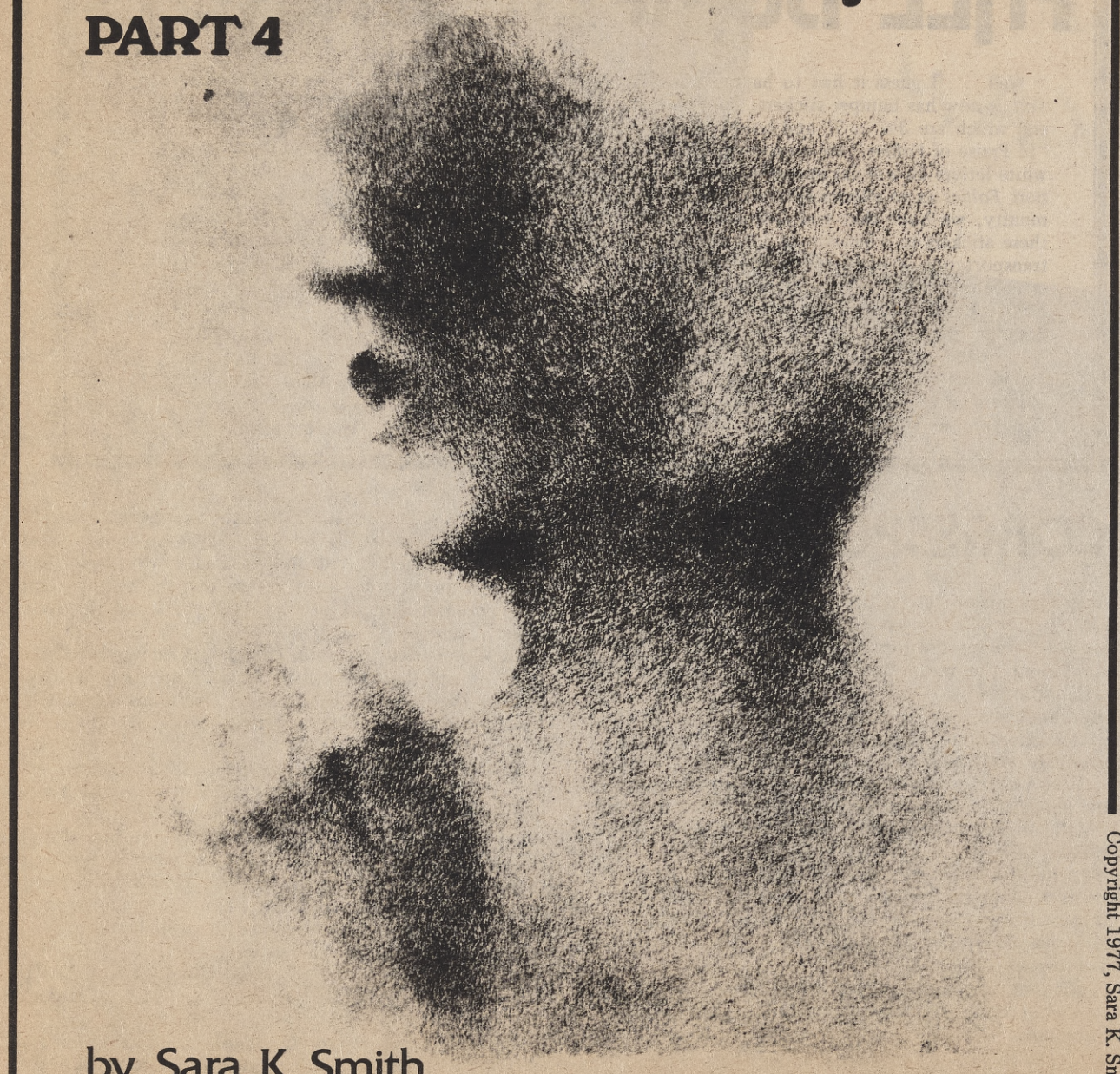
There was a long line in the hall. It was still some time until lunch but, having nothing else to do, everyone stood in line. I wanted a cigarette but my last pack was gone. When I told the tech, she offered me one of hers. Then reluctantly, feeling rather foolish, I joined the line.

After a lunch of beans and wieners, we had a nap for an hour. At 2:30 we were led off by the tech to Occupational Therapy. "Busy work," I thought. In order not to appear uncooperative, I went to work weaving a pot holder. The colors of the materials were terrible. Finally I found a yellow that went with a red fairly well. Did I prefer this or sitting on the ward? Vaguely, I preferred this. The girl next to me was a call girl. Rumor had it that she picked up $65 a day to meet her heroin expenses. I was grieved by the agonies of her life. One of the hardships of living here was learning the heartbreaking details of others' lives.

The afternoon dragged slowly along. Dinner time came. We ate our cabbage and pork chops, with ice cream for dessert. At 8:00 I begged to go to bed, but bedtime was 9:00. Until then we had to sit up, tired or not.

TO BE CONTINUED

Madness in Memory
PART 4



by Sara K. Smith

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When I was to be transferred to another ward, Miss Goodwin told me that Doctor Merk wanted a painting to remember me by. I was furious that this woman who had never spoken to me and had given me all those shock treatments against my will should have the nerve to ask for a painting. But I was afraid to refuse her. She could decide in favor of more shock treatments or when I would go to conference, where it would be decided when I could go home. Speechless with rage, I handed Dr. Merk a little scrap of paper with paint on it.

The new ward, Ogden Cottage, had an ominous sound of ancient black magic like something out of *Beowulf*, like a swamp that witches live in, or like an ogre's den. It was so impressively ugly that I wrote the following about it while I was living there:

"I don't recall ever seeing one place that combined so many features of ugliness. In the language of philosophy, Ogden Cottage *is*; and in so far as it *is*, it is ugly in the language of art. The TV room assails my senses as a whole; its quietly inharmonious aspect is as complete in the least detail as the reverse of an impression of the Taj Mahal. All the colors are harsh but weak. The furniture of worn plastic upholstery on chrome could be from a cat-house of the forties. (The bedrooms in regular rows down the hall reinforce this effect.) Garishly placed against a stark orange-pink wall is the bright dark green fireplace. By it are two lopsided white baskets with huge looped handles, the rims bent like an Aussie hat from World War II (with state number plates and Ogden Cottage tags); two lamps with red and gold bands on the shades as well as state number plates; a Wong tree of mountain mahogany, coated with pink enamel, with pastel Kleenex flowers attached to the tips of the twigs, and with its state number plate. Hanging by the windows are curtains of a lively blue and lavender print. In the hallway, as if carrying out the theme of the TV room, are three of the most hideous amateur oil paintings that exist. They are so large that it is not possible to overlook them."

Loud colors and harsh technique attacked me as I sat smoking. A patient had painted them. Uneasily, I wondered what the Doctor could be like. Only a witch could endure such a place.

The Doctor lived up to my anticipation during the first week. Without ever seeing me, she ordered me to take thorazine, a tranquilizing drug with a wide range of side effects. Drugged by the pills, I fell asleep. When I awakened, my legs felt paralyzed. I could move them only in the most general and awkward fashion. My nose was full of blood. I staggered to my feet, never doubting that the pills had given me a stroke. As it was night, I went for help to the techs' room, where they congregated to drink coffee and chat while the patients slept. My brain reeled. I opened my mouth to ask for a doctor, but my tongue just turned over in my mouth and no words came out. I gurgled helplessly. Two techs sprang to my side, braced me under their arms, and started leading me back to bed. "Go to bed and sleep it off," they said. No doctor was called.

I woke up remembering that I had had a stroke during the night. I asked if I could see the doctor. I was told to put my name on the list. After several hours of waiting I went in to see Dr. Mill, who was substituting for Dr. Sizler, the regular ward doctor. After hearing my description of what happened to me, Dr. Mill ordered me off thorazine.

When Dr. Sizler came back on the ward and heard what had happened to me, she ordered me back on the thorazine. Fearing another stroke (I learned years afterward that I had not had a stroke but a reaction to the thorazine), I decided not to take it at any cost. I was convinced that Dr. Sizler was going to murder me; whether on purpose, I did not know. I made up my mind to lie to the tech about it. I had a lifetime habit of telling the truth, but now I intended to lie to save my life. "Better be good at it," I thought. "These techs have seen everything."

"Line up for your medicines," bellowed Miss Goodwin, the tech that had been a sargeant in the WACs. I didn't twitch a muscle. After all the pills were given out I heard my name roared out as if from a bull's mouth.

Quickly I got up and walked to the medicine room. "What do you want?" I asked cooperatively.

"You didn't take your pills."

"Oh, didn't Dr. Sizler tell you that she took me off of them?" I said, hoping by the question to put some coloration of truth in my lie.

"No," said Miss Goodwin.

I turned and walked out. Now if she didn't check with the doctor, I was in the clear. She didn't.

Among the women from A8 who had come on this ward with me was Hilda, still trying to force me to talk to her. I woke up one night from a torturous dream that I thought she had sent me from her cruel mind. During the afternoon rest period she came to the foot of my bed and stood there silently staring me in the eye. Behind her was the bleak, empty corridor. As she stared, tension built up. She was determined to force me to speak. I was determined not to. The tension became unbearable.

"You are obstructing my view of the corridor," I said. She flushed and walked off. I thought it a draw. She had forced me to speak, but she wasn't pleased with the result.

Revolt was brewing at our breakfast table. It was a great round table where we were seated permanently. The plan was for these confused, sick people from different walks of life to form one big family. Back to back with the fattest lady at our table sat an enormous lady at the next table. There wasn't room for both. I stood up while our fat lady pushed past me and heaved her bulk into the chair. The other one was already seated. Their chairs were touching. Any movement of one joggled the other. Tension rose. They turned and snarled at each other, offering threats in even exchange.

Moving uneasily to one side of my chair, I stared tensely at the packaged dry breakfast food that sat in front of me for the eighth day in a row. With a swift movement, I picked it up and slammed it down in the center of the table. Slowly, all the other patients slapped their packages down. The table was stacked with unopened packaged food. The revolt had broken out, but not where I had expected it. That was the last time we were served packaged breakfast food.

The revolt had broken out, but not where I had expected it.

I had worried for some time about what I would do if another patient should jump me. In the restroom all by myself I found out. A sullen young girl with her hair hung across her face came in the door just as I was going out. An ugly look came over her face; her lower lip jutted out in a pout. She raised her clenched fist and said, "I'm going to hit you."

I looked directly up into her eyes and said firmly, "I can hit too." But I let my arms hang limp at my sides. Quietly, I walked on. Outside I found myself shaking.

The *voice* continued, but it was intermittent now. As I sat and smoked in the hall, which was the only place we were allowed to smoke, two black girls came toward me. The *voice* said, "Nigger, nigger, nigger." I said nothing. But the two girls turned and walked off in the other direction. I was horrified. I was convinced that they had heard it. Did they think I was a racist? I suffered because for 20 years I had fought for black rights and that was a word I had never used. But I couldn't stop the *voice* from chanting it in my mind. I sweated. If only they couldn't hear it.

Gradually the *voice* ceased. I was better. Christmas was vacation time for anyone who was at all well. I was notified that I would be allowed to go home for five days. My husband drove me silently out into the world that I hadn't seen for six months. Driving across the California hills to Berkeley was thrillingly beautiful. The fresh greens of nature contrasted with the harsh greens of the ward. The vast sky overhead contrasted with the limited rooms I had been accustomed to. I was too happy to speak. My husband grumbled about the driver in front who was going too slow and wouldn't move over. I felt shocked that anyone who was free in a beautiful world would grumble about anything. My son seemed older and more withdrawn.

There were all the bright flowers — the geraniums, the fuchsias, and the nasturtiums. The dog jumped up on me and licked my hands. I had forgotten what a bad housekeeper I had been, but walking into the house reminded me. It was still the same sloppy old house. I sat in the living room and stared out the window. "No bars," I thought. I looked for the nail scissors. The clippers on the ward left ragged nails. Our files had been confiscated.

My husband was not glad to have me home. But then he seldom seemed glad about anything. I was in a very passive mood after so much suffering, and his sullenness was just one more thing. My son was a little hostile too. I guessed that he felt rejected because I had been gone for such a long time.

Dry-eyed, I rode back to the hospital. What kind of report would my husband give them?

My husband was cooking Christmas dinner. He prided himself on his cooking. He carefully basted the bird while I watched. I decided to treat him as he had treated me. For 14 years he had never complimented me on anything. So when the exquisite meal was served, I inhibited the impulse to compliment him and said nothing about the meal at all.

Dry-eyed, I rode back to the hospital. What kind of report would my husband give them? He said, "I have something to tell you."

"What?" I said. One thing was for sure — nothing he could tell me would make me feel worse than going back to the hospital.

"I've found someone else," he said.

"Do you sleep with her?" I asked.

"Yes," he said.

After a month, I was called to conference. I sat outside the conference room in a straight-backed chair for four hours, waiting my turn to present my case to the panel of psychiatrists and social workers which would decide my fate. Would I be free to go? I had nothing to do but worry about the outcome of this interview. By the time I was called I was both tired and tense. There were 20 or so staff people in the room.

"What caused you to become ill?" asked the doctor in charge.

"I was hypnotized," I said, regretting that the story they were prompting me to unfold was so bizarre.

"Who hypnotized you?" asked one of them.

"Krishnamurti," I replied, my hopes of getting out sinking lower.

"Who is he?"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9)

Meet Your Market Manager

BY JULIE PARKER

When *Follies* editor Terry Cannon heard the suggestion ten months ago that we ought to be distributing *Follies* in markets, he shook his head and said, "Naw, it'll never happen."

Now, at 31 supermarkets and specialty grocery stores, roughly 6000 copies — half *Follies*' distribution — are picked up every month by enthusiasts or the curious. It is impossible to keep up with demand. The racks are empty, the piles depleted within 48 hours of delivery. For this success story we are indebted to the many fine market managers in *Follies*land. In fact, during frequent stops *Follies*' distributors have been so impressed by the continuous energy and presence of mind displayed by these men in their hectic profession that we introduce them to you this month.

Alpha Beta (corner Hill and Washington) manager Joe Rudmann has a 7-year-old son, attended Covina High School and Mount San Antonio College. When he's not on market duty, he enjoys swimming, landscaping and superpong. He has managed this store three years and says the key to operating a successful market is a "sincere effort to show concern with customer needs."

To the question "What is a market manager's major nightmare?" Joe responds, "A power failure during the busiest hours." When the going gets tough, Joe's favorite escape is camping. Asked if he thinks market managing would be a good field for women to enter, Joe says Alpha Beta already has three women managers (one in Arcadia) and feels it's fine if women like challenge and pressure.

Has Joe opened *Follies*? "Yes," he says, "an excellent source for this community."

Pantry (corner Lincoln and Altadena Drive) manager Larry Mimms lives with his wife, sons 8 and 9, and daughter 11. He attended PCC and has a B.S. from Azusa Pacific. To operate a market successfully, Larry says community awareness, a clean store, good prices and location, and treating people with respect are musts.

The main worry of a manager? Larry doesn't mince words: "Getting 8 hours of work out of the men and combatting internal and external stealing." Larry's secret wish would be to "trade positions with upper management for a week" and his nightmare "to open the doors of the store and have no one show up." In tough moments Larry dreams of writing novels on his backwoods farm.

Despite troublesome customers who "can't pay at the checkstand, leave perishables out of refrigeration and take shopping carts from the lot," Larry is sustained by his faith that "all things move as God has planned it in Christ Jesus."

Larry believes *Follies* is informative and enjoyable.

Market Basket (corner Mendocino and Lake) manager Don Bogner has managed his present market 13 years, a success which speaks for itself. He grew up in Ohio, is married, and has a grown son and daughter. He enjoys golf, tennis, and spectator sports.

Alan's Market (corner New York Drive and Allen) manager Alan Wong grew up in Hong Kong, attended Kan Yan College and lives with his wife and sons 11, 12 and 14. Wong, who has only managed the market seven months, commented in response to the question "What are the main keys to success in market operating?" simply "Wait and see." He feels a successful manager should possess wit, patience and charm, and he wishes that the prices in all markets could be the same. Like Alpha Beta's Joe, his major nightmare is that the electricity break down. Wong gives us a touch of Oriental philosophy, saying he is guided by the observation, "Why is always followed by because." A common shopper fault annoying to managers is customers who check out the date code on a product even if they don't want the item, Wong says.

And what about *Follies*? Wong comments, "Its greatest strength is that it is free, so who should complain?"

Good Foods Market (Allen and Washington) manager Bill Pampeyan is the veteran of markets, having managed his 40 years. He is married, has two daughters and a grown son, and likes to hunt and fish.

Pampeyan's laconic answers to questions get right to the root of a matter. The key to success in a market? "Work," he says bluntly. A manager's main worry? "Bad checks." And from recent experience, his major nightmare is "hold-ups." Bill has seen plenty of excitement in his 40 years — fires, rescuing dogs, reviving oldsters, and he's even been shot at. It's not surprising that he doesn't recommend the market management job for women — too much strain.

As for *Follies*, which Bill has glanced through, his opinion of it is "not too much." Frank and honest.

Von's (corner Allen and Washington) manager Phil Mooney is married, has a son 14, daughters 16 and 11, and likes water skiing, snow skiing, tennis and fishing. He attended Eagle Rock High and Occidental College. Phil's main concern in management is "running a successful, profitable operation." Aware of his neighbor's experience at Good Foods, he doesn't relish hold-ups involving hostage situations. Phil, however, takes pride in his work and gets enjoyment out of it — he has no "great escape" needs when the going gets rough. He believes market managing would be a good field for women.

Phil has opened a copy of *Follies* but declines to comment on the journal. Perhaps "no news is good news."

Boys Market (corner Altadena Drive and Villa) manager Paul Mitchell is married, has sons 12 and 9, a daughter 3, and enjoys woodworking projects for his house. Now attending UCLA, Paul has managed Boys since it opened a year ago. To make it as a manager, Paul says you need "strong nerves and a good outlook on life." It's essential to take care of customer needs and keep the store in good shape. His two main worries are the help and loss of volume (amount of business done per week). Life would be easier if there weren't as much competition as there is now. But he's helped by the philosophy, "Don't take everything to heart."

Paul's headache customers pull off tricks like label changing and tag switching, but every day brings memorable and pleasant experiences as well. Life is never dull; "Not one day goes by that there isn't something different going on," says the manager. Paul consults his wife a lot in the management of his store because of her knowledge of marketing and shopping. He feels women can do well as managers if they can stand the long hours; Boys has two already.

Paul has read *Follies* and feels it is a very good publication.

El Rancho (East Colorado Blvd.) manager Bob Kurzy is married, has sons 8 and 9, a daughter 5, and likes golf and fishing. He has managed El Rancho three years and says it takes "madness" to be a successful manager, plus a "good crew of people working for you." Bob's chief worry is an earthquake. His major bugbear is customers who shop every day and still don't know where things are. (That comment hits home — it's so much easier to ask than to look for oneself!)

Bob has read *Follies*, finds customers respond positively to it, and feels that it's a very good paper himself.

Howie's Ranch Market (Sierra Madre) manager Karl Duus, who grew up in Denmark and attended business school in Europe, likes gardening, billiards, cards and camping. Karl is married and has two grown sons and a daughter 19. Character traits necessary to successful management, according to Karl, are "abilities to interact with a variety of people and patience." His main worries are "delays in delivery and competition underselling you." It also doesn't help to have 50% of the personnel call in sick with the flu, he points out.

Karl's secret to getting through the rat race is to "stay calm at all times and think of another day when things will be better." He adds he could write a best seller of his experiences during his 38 years in the food industry. "Once I saw a guy stealing a barbeque chicken, and as I ran after him he began to eat the evidence," laughs Karl. Shoplifting is a continual problem, sometimes funny but often said, he observes.

As to women in the market management business, Karl feels a woman's unique point of view would be very beneficial to the market industry. He consults his own wife frequently on new advertising arrangements, since she has the shopper's view.

Karl likes *Follies* because it is to the point. Customers respond positively also.

Boys Market (1222 N. Fair Oaks) manager Nick Porcero is currently earning a business degree at Fullerton College, is married and has a son 6. He likes to shoot pool, gamble and read. (Sounds like Nick should meet Karl.) Nick says the people who work under you are the key to the success of the market, so training them well and having overall knowledge of the market really pays off. Nick worries about business volume, the honesty and integrity of employees, and stealing. Though he'd like to think of the "great escape," he says, "The mark of a good manager is to get the job done when the going gets tough."

Nick's market life has had variety. Twice he has had to help an older person having a seizure, and occasionally has to ask a drunk or customer using abusive language to leave the store. Nick thinks women can do well in market managing, after an extensive training cycle.

Follies copies disappear in a few hours, says Nick, judging customer response as positive. Nick thinks the publication is refreshing and interesting.

Fazio's (corner Michillinda and Sierra Madre Blvd.) manager Dale Shelley, who has been married 31 years, has a son and two granddaughters, loves to play golf and travel. To be successful in management (Dale has been a manager for 20 years), his recipe is "Be firm but fair and humble with employees." With a good crew to get the job done, and with good advertising and policies from the main office, a market should succeed, says Shelley. He, like others, worries about keeping the volume up, keeping the market "full and clean" with good "front end service" with the "allotted payroll." (Market managers tend to talk their own dialect.) Dale's secret wish is to do fantastic volume over that projected. His nightmare, like so many others, is poor business and power failures causing freezer breakdowns. But Shelley philosophizes, "I try to take everything in stride, do my best with what I have to work with and not let things get to me."

As for troublesome customers, Dale says, "In this business we meet all kinds. We've heard every excuse and story. They switch meat labels, put butter in oleo cartons, large eggs in smaller egg cartons."

Dale has read *Follies* and finds it "interesting and informative." To be honest, the question was worded, "Have you ever opened a copy of *Follies*?" so managers could respond yes easily without lying. Let's face it — what good manager has time to read *any* magazine?

There you have them, 33% of the market managers in Pasadena, Altadena and Sierra Madre. That's not a bad response considering these men are doers rather than writers. The others had good intentions but kept losing the interview for me. Bravo to you all, the men who keep us alive and healthy and supplied with tremendous variety for our tables.

MADNESS IN MEMORY *(Continued from page 2)*

"He's a mystic who lectures on self-knowledge," I said, getting more involved in matters that were totally unfamiliar to this group.

"Why did you want him to hypnotize you?"

"I didn't. I was terrified of hypnotism. But it happened in spite of me." This was a true experience but against the beliefs of psychology. They thought a person could not be hypnotized against his will.

"Tell us about it."

"We were gathered under the oak trees in a little natural theater in Ojai. About 500 of us waited for Krishnamurti to appear. When he did, I was relieved to see that he was dressed in slacks and a Hawaiian shirt. Nothing of the conventional swami about him. He was a lithe, dark man with an intelligent, slightly cynical expression. He talked in a very slow, monotonous voice. As I watched, the light and shade from the trees began to slip slowly and evenly from side to side on his head. Looking closer, I saw he was weaving slightly from side to side, like a pendulum, with the most even movement. It seemed hardly possible for a man to move like that.

"Suddenly I realized that he was hypnotizing us. I glanced in alarm at the girl I had come with. Her eyes were rolled up and flickering. She was already in a trance! Just as I was going to stand up and scream, I was aware of a Satanic spirit's presence. It was the most loathsome thing I had ever encountered. After this shock I lost consciousness. When I came to, I was still sitting in the same position on the grass."

I had told them the truth. I felt better somehow. But I was still terribly shaken from this verbal review of that awful experience with the unknown and supernatural.

The doctor said, "That is a systematic delusion."

I said nothing and looked respectful. With that I was dismissed.

I could not conceal my amazement when Miss Goodwin told me several days later that I had passed conference. As soon as they could find a place for me to go to, I was free to leave.

The last days were the hardest to bear. Finally the day came for my cousin and his wife to pick me up. My confidence in people was so broken that I wondered whether they would really come.

They drove me across the countryside to their place in Walnut Creek. There was a little house in back where I could be to myself. My husband brought my painting table and an electric plate to cook breakfasts on. My son came out on weekends. Gradually, during the year I spent there, I began to come back into a world I thought I had lost forever.

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